Harry to Harry, ſhall hot horſe to horſe
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that Glendower were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Doug. That's the worſt tidings, that I heare of it.
Wor. I, by my faith, that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe, and Bardoll.

Falſt. Bardol, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of Sacke, our ſouldiours ſhall march through. Wee'le to Sutton cophill to night.
Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bar. This bottle makes an angell.
Fal. And if it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, ile anſwere the coynage, bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at Townes end.
Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*
Fal. If I be not aſhamed of my ſouldiers, I am a ſoue't gurnet, I haue miſuſed the kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. ſouldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none, but good houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted batchelers, ſuch as had beene askt twice on the banes, ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Diuell, as a drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe thē a ſtrooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I preſt me none, but ſuch toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices, and now,